

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Evening World Publishing Company, Inc. 50
51 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 50 Park Row.
J. ANSON BROWN, Treasurer, 50 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 50 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter
October 3, 1879. Post-Office No. 100.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918.
Postage paid by publisher.
Subscription Rates: In Advance.
One Year, \$10.00.
Six Months, \$5.00.
Three Months, \$2.50.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.
VOLUME 57. NO. 20,948

WHERE SAFETY IS LAST.

EDGAR M. WILFORD, a good citizen, was killed by an automobile as he stepped off a trolley car in Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn. The driver had no license and was speeding on the wrong side of the roadway. Six other automobile crimes and accidents were chronicled in the city's news of the same day.

The automobile law of New York puts revenue first; safety last. The automobile law of New York lets any reckless fool who is rich enough to own a car drive when, where and practically how he pleases.

The automobile law of New York examines, licenses and disciplines only "chauffeurs," and defines chauffeurs as hired drivers, a distinct class from owners and their fool friends.

There is little practical benefit to be gained by clamoring for more and stringent law. The World's attempt last winter to have every operator of an automobile, whether owner, chauffeur, employer or employee, brought under the simplest form of registration as an initial step toward safety first was defeated in the Legislature.

But there is still available the ordinary criminal statutes, entirely adequate to put a check on brainless speed maniacs, drunken drivers and murderous brutes who run amuck through city streets and country roads.

The penal code can be made more potent than rules and regulations.

A conviction for murder is more to be desired than revoking a license.

Penalties for homicide and assault are applicable to the gang and the automobile thug alike.

Some Sing Sing sentences will help decidedly toward rendering the streets safer.

District Attorneys, grand juries and criminal courts have it in their power to make up deficiencies of the automobile law in most effective manner.

A PEACE PLEA TO WOMEN.

THIS preparedness propaganda certainly is stirring up hornet nests of trouble for everybody in unexpected ways and places. Miss Mabel Vernon heckled President Wilson in his holiday speech at Washington and Miss Alice Paul, head of the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage, announced that this is the beginning of a campaign of feminine militancy.

Goodness knows, ladies, we men have worries enough on our hands already without you opening fire on us at this time. Just see what we are up against. There's that bewhiskered old nuisance, Carranza, who is a bothersome problem, especially when he writes clever notes, and another German submarine campaign is announced which will revive Ambassador von Bernstorff with more apologies and promises.

Then there's the coming Presidential campaign, with both Col. Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan likely to scramble for the limelight and centre of the stage just when we hoped they were shelved for good. You would be doing a real service if only you'd tackle these two instead of poor Mr. Wilson, who is having a dreadfully tough time of it.

Be gentle, too, with the public. Think what they have on hand. The soldier boys down on the border are swearing already like the troops in Flanders at the weather, cactus thorns, mesquite bush and things generally. The Sixty-ninth is restless at Camp Whitman and spilling for a fight. All the National Guards going to war are grumbling for Pullman cars and ice cream.

Infantile paralysis is spreading about town, mosquitoes are swarming, the cost of living keeps on going up, the income tax is to be doubled, labor unions are striking and everybody wants more pay.

Honest, girls, we are pretty well fussed up for hot weather. Please don't get militant right now. Postpone it until autumn so everybody can have some chance of a happy summer. Just for July and August make your vote-getting symbol a smile instead of a hatchet. Help us men, and then we will help you.

FOR CHILDREN OF THE STREETS.

ON JULY 15, in the most densely populated parts of Manhattan Island, there will be celebrated the opening of seventy-five of The Evening World's play centres for little children of the streets. Where? Right in the streets themselves; in specified blocks that have been officially designated for the purpose during certain hours of the afternoon.

Won't the cops chase us? No, indeed, they won't, boys and girls. The big policemen are going to watch over you. Their only chasing will be of trucks and automobiles so you will not have to dodge and have your games spoiled.

What a transformation! The city street to be made a playground of pleasure, of happiness and of betterment, instead of the condemned door yard of the tenements.

What a development! The Police Department guarding and helping the children to play. The "cop" now the "kid's" friend.

What a benefit! Children brought from surrounding streets to the play centre and there under supervision encouraged to play and lifted up.

You good people of New York who want to help make thousands of little ones happy this summer, send some contributions to Police Commissioner Arthur Woods or to George Gordon Battle, President of the Parks and Playgrounds Association, No. 37 Wall Street.

Questions and Answers.

On Separate Stands Every Year Until 1907, When Mayor Hewitt Discontinued Custom.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What year and under whose administration did the Irish flag fly over the City Hall on St. Patrick's Day? Also who was the first Mayor to revoke this custom? The object of this question is to ascertain whether it was on the same staff with the American flag or if it was on a mast by itself.
H. K.

An "All Together" Push!

By J. H. Cassel



Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

Copyright, 1916, by The Evening World Publishing Co.

"YOU know, kid," said Lucile the waitress as she handed the newspaper man a paper napkin. "I'm not nothing of a sentimental nature—hardly nothing at all—but now and again I have a touch of it and I'm downright tender-hearted."

"What's up now?" asked the newspaper man.

"Nothing much," replied Lucile. "Oh, of course, something transpired along the pathway of daily incidents or I wouldn't be gabbling about sentiment like I just have. I'll tell you what happened, but before I do let me say that now and then a person can be too funny. You got me, kid, don't you? I mean, a would-be humorist can be too smart."

"It was like this: A couple of days ago a thin looking man comes in here and anchors on a stool. When I make my grand entry and ask him respects in the crotch line he asks me if I sell milk for babies. Well, you know me, kid—always on the quick vices and in a hurry and naturally I think this guy is kidding me. I give him one look and say: 'Oh, so you're a member of the infantry, eh? Well, we'll have to get him a nice little bottle of cow juice.'"

"He don't even grin, kid, but instead of that he looks up weary like and tells me I don't get him."

"I got a two months' old baby ever at home," he says, "and she ain't had no mother since day before yesterday. Do I have to fetch back the bottles?"

"Now, listen, kid, I remembered seeing a hearse and a hack leaving a house on Fifth Street day before yesterday and some light began to preclude through this intense cranium of mine. To be frank, kid, I see where I've been too ultra with this man. I fetch him two quarts of milk and tell him not to worry about the bottles. 'I'll send our porter around after 'em,' I tell him, which I mean, of course, we'll get 'em when there is enough to make a trip remunerative to us."

"He gives me his address and goes out. Next day—that's yesterday—he comes in again, and say, kid, you ought to see me get him them bottles of milk."

"All right," I ask.
"To tell the truth," he answers, "I don't know. Seems to me like she ain't because she cries all the time. 'Who you got tending her?' I ask. 'Nobody but a neighbor woman who comes in twice a day for a little while,' he says. Then he adds quick: 'But I'm there all the time. You see, I got a two weeks' lay-off. The woman lives right next door. My place is 33 West and hers 35. So you see it's all right, I guess.' 'I sell him his milk, kid, and tell him to beat it home to his baby. It

The Third Degree Husband

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1916, by The Evening World Publishing Co.

"H E lied to me, and I have left him," wailed a woman the other day. "He was as truthful a man as ever lived when I married him. He hadn't a single secret from me, and in the last couple of years I have caught him in deliberate falsehoods. He would tell me he was going one place. I would telephone and find he wasn't there. I don't know where he goes; oh, dear, dear!"

I know this woman and her husband, and if he has deceived her it is because she has aided and abetted that deception. And it is a very common thing for a woman to do.

She does it without realizing her mistake. There never was a more devoted couple than this one. But the man was ambitious as to his business.

He formed associations toward that end. He joined one or two clubs and lodges. His wife could not understand the need of them. She wanted him with her.

At first he tried to reason with her, when he was to be away from home. He told her how he had to meet men who came from out of town at dinner when it suited their convenience.

Yet, when it continued the woman grew suspicious. Her little shrill voice would whine at being left alone. She would question his veracity. She would quarrel with him. She would telephone to his club and his business associates to find out where he was—all of which was very annoying and humiliating to him.

In a word she used the third degree of detecting possible untruths in his statements. Now it does come to pass that there are husbands who do deceive deliberately, who are glad the game that is my conclusion.

"A sale depends about 99 parts on the prospect's attitude to 1 part on the salesman's. Otherwise how do you explain the fact that of two men delivering exactly the same canvass and calling upon approximately the same number of prospects daily one

will make ten sales to the other's two?"

"Eloquence doesn't make a salesman, persistence doesn't make a salesman, but control, whether conscious or unconscious, of one's mental attitude does make a salesman. This means sustained effort on the part of the man and a degree of concentration that is not easy to attain. But it's what makes a man."

"If before starting the day's work, you can't hypnotize yourself into believing that you've got the world by the tail and that you're going to bring in your quota of sales that night, you'll never be a salesman. An order taker, yes; most so-called salesmen are that. But a salesman is a man who can so dominate an interview that his prospect's attitude toward the question at issue is entirely under the former's control."

"You're in a hurry, are you?" "Well, somewhat," replied Lucile. "You see, kid, I got to get over to No. 33 West Fifth Street in a few minutes. Become like me if I'm the only one what can make that poor little kid quit crying."

The Origin of Talismans

Copyright, 1916, by The Evening World Publishing Co.

EVERY man and woman under the sun has a secret belief in a talisman—viz., the power of some inanimate object to confer good or ward off evil—but nobody will own up to it.

From the days of the Pharaohs and the soldiers of their army, who wore on the field figures of sacred animals, such as the scarabaeus and the ibis, as a preventive of danger and death in battle, or the Arabs and Turks, who carried inscriptions from the Koran on tiny pieces of vellum, down to the gambler of to-day who wears a holed gold piece suspended from his watch chain, or the race-track fan who carries the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit tucked away in his inside vest pocket, the belief in magic power of seemingly insignificant things of acts to shape one's destiny for better or worse remains unshaken.

Just when the use of talismans originated is a question which no historians or antiquarians have been able to decide. They were first used probably to avert disease, but it was not until the period of dog, H. C. that they came into general use among the idol-worshipping nations.

In all ages has the talisman found fond believers among soldiers. The ancient Greeks and Romans caused figures of birds and beasts to be inscribed on their shields or their helmets.

The birth of Christianity and the extension of its influence over the earth seemed only to increase rather than diminish the faith in darker mysterious powers. In the middle ages the common people of England, France and Italy employed relics of saints, consecrated candles, rosaries, scapulars, broken crosses as charms against evil, this custom prevailing in Spain and in parts of Italy to this day.

In New England, cradle of superstition beginning with the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the belief was prevalent that the only way of warding off the devastating effect of the evil eye was to dip one's hands in a font of holy water.

Talismans virtues have often been attributed to peculiarly shaped eggs and instances are recorded of eggs hatched with figures of comets and eclipses.

But the star historic talisman of early ages was the Lee-Penny, supposed to have been discovered by Sir Simon Lockhart on his journey to the Holy Land, bearing the heart of Robert Bruce. As late as the middle of the nineteenth century water in which it had been dipped was used to cure cattle bitten by a mad dog.

Even now among the men prominent in the professional and business life of New York, the old belief in the talisman burns as strongly as ever. A famous Wall Street financier ascribes all his good luck to a broken tooth which he picked up in walking through a churchyard.

The man who quails on meeting a Senegambian gentleman afflicted with strabismus; the man who refuses to walk under a ladder; the man who dodges the crack in the pavement; are but reincarnations of the fabled believer of other days.

"Not in a hurry, are you?" "Well, somewhat," replied Lucile. "You see, kid, I got to get over to No. 33 West Fifth Street in a few minutes. Become like me if I'm the only one what can make that poor little kid quit crying."

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1916, by The Evening World Publishing Co.

Mrs. Solomon, consider the way of a Bachelor with women; for, beside him, the star of a film-comedy is as subtle as a serpent.

"Go to! Go to!" saith the Bachelor, "I am sick of love!" And behold, he casteth the photograph of his LATEST flame into the fire.

"Yes, I am done with it forever! Now shall I be at peace, far from the madding women."

"I shall dwell with men and books, and mine own thoughts for company."

"For though it may not be good for man to live alone, yet it is CONFORTABLE."

"And infinitely cheaper!"

"No more shall I harken to their flatteries: for, lo, in their hearts they believe that if it be meet for them to flatter me, it shall be meet, and bread, and jam, and honey also for them to HOOK me!"

"Verily, I have watched them at their work, and I see THROUGH them, every one."

"I am weary of their glances, and their sweet-nothings fall upon me as water on a mackintosh. I have barricaded my heart with steel, and wrapped my sentiments in cotton batting."

"Mine emotions are insulated. I have dug a moat of suspicion about me. Yes, I am SAFE!"

"Now, shall I go forth, when and where I please, and return at mine own desire."

"Not ONE of them shall dare to summon me upon the telephone, saying: 'WHY hast thou not arrived? For I am dressed and waiting!'"

"Not one of them shall steep me in tears and cover me with reproaches, and immerse me in emotions as a fly in a can of molasses."

"For I have broken with them all!"

"Yes, I am FREE. Now can I go forth and walk among them, without danger."

"The hooks in their hands cannot frighten me; the nets in their eyes cannot snare me! I am as adamant!"

And, behold, he goeth forth, puffed up with vanity. He sitteth in the tavern, and rejoiceth in his cynicism. He ordereth a cocktail—and it maketh him confident.

And another—and it maketh him lonely.

And a third—and it maketh him sorry for himself.

Then the duffy thing approacheth and sitteth beside him. She cooeth unto him SYMPATHETICALLY. She gazeth at him with dove's eyes. She is SO simple.

He prayeth for strength, but none cometh; he cryeth for help, but none is nigh.

"Verily, verily," he exclaimeth, "I said I was DONE with love and women. But, alas, I had not met THEE!"

He capitulateth. She stringeth him mightily.

And it is all over with him!

And THIS he doeth, from the beginning to the end, every six months. For the "Never-at-all" are firmer than steel, but the "Never-against" are the delight of the fisherwomen.

Yes, they are EASY! Selah.

The chief source of self-happiness is the act of making others happy. —Loth.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1916, by The Evening World Publishing Co.

"W HAT do you listen to me? Here is something that will interest you," said Mrs. Jarr, looking up from the paper.

"Never mind, my lady! Go and buy it," said Mr. Jarr, carelessly.

"Go and buy what?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "What are you talking about?"

"How do I know what it is?" was the reply. "But I know you never ask me to listen to anything in the papers unless it is some special sale of things dear to the hearts and pretty to the backs of women."

"Oh, please don't try to be sarcastic," said Mrs. Jarr coldly. "It's a good thing that some one in this house tries to buy to the best advantage. Don't you say a word. I've seen you shopping. You go right in a store and say, 'Give me six collars this style, and mention the size; and one of those dark lavender neckties and half a dozen pairs of socks, strong and medium weight, three pairs brown and three pairs black. How much?'"

"What other way is there to do it?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"When I'm buying anything I know what I am buying; I know the quality of the goods and I know whether I am spending my money to the best advantage or not. However, I was not calling your attention to a bargain sale, which it would seem to you as a red rag to a bull; but, as I said, if I didn't keep my eyes open for them and make two dollars do the work of four."

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Mr. Jarr. "I think I have heard those few remarks on your astounding domestic economy a few times before. But what is this new starter that arrests your attention?"

"It's the very excellent remarks of a minister on marriage," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I've no doubt they are excellent remarks," replied Mr. Jarr. "I never heard a minister anywhere encourage divorce. The lawyers do that. Sure, the preachers encourage marriage. It's like the undertakers who advertise 'Have you a dear friend or relative who is fading away? Why wait till the last moment? Call and see us and arrange all the details that will be so gratifying to friends and family when the sad event occurs.'"

Mrs. Jarr fixed him with a stony stare. "Sometimes I think you act

as you do and talk as you do to exasperate me!" she cried. "And yet people say to me, 'I do think Mr. Jarr is so jolly! How nice it must be to have a husband who is so good-natured!'"

"I was only joking," said Mr. Jarr. "And was only teasing you a little. What does our friend the minister say about marriage—something about reciprocity in it?"

"Yes, reciprocity after people are married," replied Mrs. Jarr, who wanted to drive home upon her husband the great truths expounded by the divine. "If you'll have the common courtesy to listen to what I have to say without interrupting me rudely, with all sorts of frivolous remarks and silly ones—even though I am your wife—I'll read you what he says."

"Go ahead!" said Mr. Jarr.

"In a sermon on marriage he says, 'Have you ever noticed the change in a woman's face after she is engaged? It is because she has received that for which she hungered—a man's devotion. But, after marriage, have you ever noticed, she loses the happy expression? It is because she does not receive that affection from her husband that she received from her sweetheart.'"

"Well, I wouldn't go as far as to say that," replied Mr. Jarr, as he doctored a wart for a foxglove. "Don't you think the pinner, expression of the engaged lady may be that of the housewife who finds she has brought down her quarry? Or, to use a better metaphor, has found the game fast in the trap?"

"What?" asked the astounded Mrs. Jarr.

"Why, yes," Mr. Jarr went on, "and the changed expression after marriage is because she can't keep up the enthusiasm over something she's caught. Naturally, the woman is worried. Now she has to tame and subjugate the animal. Perhaps he won't eat out of her hand; maybe he tugs at the leash; perhaps—"

"You get out of this house!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "You have no sentiment in your nature at all!"

And for a time she said she just won't kiss him goodby—never! After talking to her like that!

But, you know, women are fain as they are fond!

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

Copyright, 1916, by The Evening World Publishing Co.

EATING on a vacant tomato can with an empty hammer is a perfectly safe, but not sane, way of spending the Fourth.

In a recently patented toothbrush steam is eliminated and the brush is operated entirely by finger power.

Few people buy caviar by the bushel.

Potato bugs can be removed from potatoes by blasting.

After tramping your partner's nose the bruises can be removed from your shin with armo.